Masgington Sentinel.

### SEPTEMBER 4, 1855.

We published, at the time, a short account of the celebration of the Jamestown Society of Washington city, and regretted we had not taken notes of the many good and partiotic sentiments lelivered by the loyal sons of our old Mother State. A member of the Society has furnished is with a pretty fair sketch of the Address of the venerated orator of the day, G. W. P. Custis, esq., and a short sketch of the speech of the President of the Society, P. R. Fendall, esq., to both of which we call the attention of our readers.

The purpose paying our respects to the jealous regard. They are as much the property late Soft Convention and its platform in our next

#### THE CRIMEAN WAR AND AMERICAN SYMPATHIES.

With a disingenousness remarkable them, with an hypocrisy too bold for concealment, the British journals are complaining of the absence of American sympathy in the cause of

Let us make a brief investigation of English claims upon our sympathies, and ascertain, if we can, upon what they are founded.

The American nation is not an off-shoot of the British stock, as is claimed; it is not composed exclusively, or even in a very large proportion. of the descendants of the persecuted pilgrims to Plymouth Rock, and of the cavaliers of Virginia. This continent has been for three hundred years the asylum of the oppressed of all nations, of refugees from those continental despotisms which have ever claimed and received the passive sympathy or active aid of the English oligarchy when crushing out the liberties of Europe. Can the descendants of such men hold England in grateful remembrance? Can the Irish Americans forget the bloody suppression of the rebellion-the ferocious persecutions which ensued, or the unavenged memories of a Lord Edward Fitzgerald, a Robert Emmet, and an hundred others? Is not hatred of Britain an inheritance of the Franco-American of Louisiana? Can he, or his children's children, forget, as long as the rock of St. Helena stands, who it was that chained the French hero there, and that the Promothean vulture who preyed upon him was an Englishman. damned to everlasting infamy, as Sir Hudson Lowe? Can the Danes, so numerous and efficient in our military and commercial marine, forget the piratical bombardment of Copenhagen? What claim can England urge upon the sympathies of our wide-spread German population? Is it the magnanimous part she played, in that Holy Alliance, so well characterized as an alliance of despots against liberty? Can our Italians, as they shudder with horror at the martyrdoms of Spielberg, or turn their longing eyes with the sickness of deferred hope toward the bright skies of their native land, forget that, in the Congress of Vienna, the chief supporter of the ruthless Metternich, was the British minister, Castle-

Of the twenty million decendants of the many peoples who compose this great nation, there is, we sincerely believe, not one who can admire the policy, or remember with gratitude, a single act of the Government of England. On the contrary, there are many who have grievances to allege, wrongs to avenge, and who might imitate the young Hannibal, when he swore upon the altars of Carthage eternal enmity to Rome.

The Times would have us believe, this a war of liberty and progress against despotism. Why was not the same war urged in behalf of the dismemhered Poland? A nation endeared to every American heart by Kosciusco, Pulaski, and De Kalb has been blotted out from the map of Europe. Where was British sympathy then? Just where it was when gallant Hungary fell. Liberty and progress against Russian despotism, forsooth! is the blood of the slaughtered French and Italian republicans yet dry upon the hands of England's great ally, the despotic Emperor of France Have not the Allies offered to guarantee to Austria the continued slavery of Lombardy, of Hungary, and of Austrian Poland, as the price of her co-operation in this war of " liberty and progress against Russian despotism." When England proves to us that her crusade against slavery is not an attack upon our monopoly of cotton, and that her missionary efforts have nothing to do with the worship of "mammon," we may entertain the idea of her disinterestedness in the present war; but not till then.

#### Platform of Principles. The Convention of the Know-nothing party of

Second. The maintenance of the Union, and

New York adopted the following platform of principles: First, Americans to rule America

the compromises of the Constitution faithfully Third. The absolute exclusion from the creer

of the American party of all sectional doctrine that are against the sense of any portion of the American Union, and the disuse of the name, influence, or organization of the American party, to advance any measure against the constitutional rights of the S ates, or the intention or effect of which shall be to endanger the perpetuity of the Fourth. No sectional interference in our Leg-

slature, and no prescription of persons on ac count of religious opinions.

Fifth. Hostility to the assumption of the Papal power, through the bishops, prelates, priests, or ministers of the Reman Catholic Church, as anti-

republican in principle and dangerous to the lib Sixth. Thorough organization in the naturalization laws of the Federal Government.

Seventh. The enactment of the laws for the protection of the purity of the ballot-box by the Eighth. Free and reliable institutions for the

ation of all classes of the people with the Bible as a text-book in our common schools.

RESOLUTIONS ON PRINCIPLES. Resolved, That the National Administration by its general course of official conduct, together with an attempt to destroy the repose, harmony, and fraternal relation of the country in the re-peal of the Missouri compromise, and the encourgement of aggressions upon the government of territorial inhabitants of Kansas, deserves and should receive the united condemnation of the American people, and the institution of slavery should derive no extension from such re-

Resolved, That in the organization of the American order the institution of involuntary servitude was and now is regarded as local and not national in its character, a subject for the toleration of a difference of opinion by the citizens of the Northern and Southern States, and as such | maiden swords for the first time, and others their has no rightful place in the platform of the Na- old fogy weapons, never very bright, who have sprung up during the late elections! Why, they

tional American party. Erastus Brocks, of New York, and G. A. Scroggs, of Bullalo, were then chosen delegates at large to the National Convention.

Our columns are so occupied to-day that we have little, if any, room for comment on this last science—the science of government—is lowered essay at platform-making by those restless con- by an indiscriminate and injudicious application structors, the Know-nothings. Their platforms of this term. If a man who really has the true are getting to be very numerous, and many of elements of statesmanship is to be brought back to them are very dissimilar. How the Southern the standard formed by the many absurd pretendmembers and organs of the Order will relish the ers to this science, how few, who might otherwise unti-Kansas resolution in the above series, re- attain it, would deem it worth the struggle

## ABUSES OF MILITARY AND CIVIL

Few things are more absurd than the almo universal practice of prefixing high-sounding titles indiscriminately to the names of individuals. This is done, too, in most cases, without the slightest likeness of the qualities or profession of the individual to the title he assumes, or that may be kindly assumed for him by his friends.

This is all wrong, as we think we can show though, in making our comments, we do so in no unamiable spirit, and without the least desire to give them any particular personal direction. Indeed, this would be unnecessary, for there scarcely a village or neighborhood that does not furnish one or more striking instances of the absurdity, and hence the application will be made wherever these remarks may be read.

signia of his well-earned prowess. A true soldier

values his title even higher than his pay. Now,

we hold it to be unjust to filch from this class the

and usefulness. Nor is it less a wrong to them.

seems simply to signify success. It matters not

n what department of life or in what vocation

or trade this success may be achieved-the mili-

tary title follows as naturally, and often more

surely, than the brevet, the successful gallantry

of a veritable officer. In the military organiza-

tion, a lieutenant's commission forms the thresh-

hold or stepping stone of military advancement.

those above him; but these are rare, and consti-

tute only the exception to the rule. Not so in

locest grade. And, indeed, it is but a brief tarry-

ing place, and more to rest the wearied hero,

Is he a Thimble Rigger, who, abandoning

the slower, but more respectable trade to which

under?" If so, he is a colonel, and, in fancy,

no less a colonel because he may never have

smelled gunpowder! An officer, who may be

the hero of a score of battles, is lower in title

honor. It is, as we have said, a part of their re-

ward, and should no more be prostituted to such

base uses, than their pay should be filched or

But we find the same evil in civil titles, and

A Quack is dubbed a Doctor. A Pedagogue,

a Master or Bachelor of Arts. A stupid Convey-

ancer at a county court, is a Barrister or Attor-

ney, while (and the most farcical of all) a Num-

skull Magistrate, is dignified by the appellation

the term statesman. Why, there are more states-

men in this country to-day, according to the news-

just yet. A statesman is a rare thing in any coun-

try; and that country is fortunate, indeed, who

be found in the History of France-in a Sully, a

Nesselrode. Our own country has been, perhaps,

more prolific in statesmen. She has had in her

a Clay, and many others nearly their equals.

thick as the sands by the sea shore. Statesman-

ship is, perhaps, the most elevated of all sciences.

The qualities of statesmanship are of no ordi-

by study and labor alone, nor are they ever ac-

quired by intuition or absorption. Statesmanship

is in some degree a gift-as much a gift as music

or painting, and, like them, may be improved-

but, like them, is not open to the attainment of

all and every one. To be a Politician, is not to

be a Statesman. By no means. But to be

thoroughly and fully versed in the arts of govern-

ment, is to be a statesman! How few there are

Is it not, then, farcical to call every stump

speaker in the country a statesman. Just think

of the number of statesmen, some fleshing their

Well, the evil of this habit is, that the standard

of excellence in this, the highest branch of

Hence we say, all these extravagant applications

were thicker than leaves in Valambrosa!

who reach this goal!

the encroachment is scarcely less unjust and im-

who has helped to enrich him.

righten their fair fame!

than one of these.

their emoluments infringed.

the present-day Magistrates!

mon honesty, where the individual was obserously termed the Honorable Mr. A: The pre-Title-is an appellation or badge of honor. ing of "Excellency" to the President's name, is a useless though a harmless ceremony; but even is conferred as a mark of distinction for service rendered. Military titles are eminently of this this is anti-republican, and we should be glad to character, and are held in the most rigid and see it done away with also.

We have been betrayed into a much longer arof the officer as the coat he wears, or the sword that glitters by his side. The last, indeed, has upon which we have written, before our readers,

cle on this subject than we intended, but if we shall succeed in placing prominently the evils won it for him. He is proud of it, for it is the inwe shall see no cause to regret its length.

their higher efforts. Genius should be protected

from such imposture, otherwise we cannot hope

There are other titles in too frequent use and

wrong-it is demoralizing. How many examples

in the history of our Government have there

een, of a total want of principle, truth, or com

to preserve it. "Nulla palma, sine pulvere."

### THE YELLOW FEVER IN NORFOLK

AND PORTSMOUTH. A letter to the Baltimore Sun says that "th titles they have acquired by careers of gallantry hopes that were cherished a few days since by every one in Norfolk that the fever was about to to impair the force and dignity which they proudabate, have proved false and delusive. New ly feel in their titles, by permitting all classes of cases are occurring every moment in the day, men, the rich and the poor, the high and the low, and circles and neighborhoods heretofore exempt the man of honor and the man of dishonor, to from the destructive ravages of the disease a wear them too. The military title now-a-days now being invaded with fearful violence."

The details of the sufferings and deaths by fever appal the stoutest hearts.

It is said that application will probably made to the President or Secretary of War for the use of Old Point Comfort and the United States fortifications there, that the afflicted neople may resort thither, in case they shall leave their homes in Norfolk and Portsmouth

He must work up, either through the paths of It is gratifying to learn that there are now science or by the more exciting participation in those places plenty of physicians and nurses from the battle-fields, to the next grade. True, he the South, who are rendering efficient, noble ser may sometimes reach his promotion by the vacancies occasioned by the death or resignation of

The President and his lady returned or Saturday last from their visit to Virginia. We are pleased to learn that they are both much imwhat is termed ciril life-a major, here, is the proved in health.

# THE LATE RAILROAD DISASTER.

after his arduous military efforts-for presto! and The coroner's inquest, at the latest dates, wa our major stands forth before us, in the full stature still engaged in examining into the circumstances of a gallant colonel! Is he a Faro Bank dealer, attending the late occurrence on the Camden and who has lined his pockets, filled his coffers, and Amboy railroad. adorned his gaming palaces with the per diem of Mrs. Harriet Smith, wife of Commodore Smith.

members, the pay of officers, the salaries of clerks, died of her injuries, on Saturday, in Philadelphia. A dispatch, dated Burlington, September 3 or the means dedicated to the education of the vouths of our country? Then, he is a COLONEL! Mrs. Gillespie, of Natchez, Mississippi, is better and ranks, perhaps in pay and title, every officer

this morning, and has been made aware of the death of her husband. She has passed a restless Mr. Lukins, of Philadelphia, at first considere

nopeless, is mending rapidly.
Samuel Lahm, of Ohio, left here for his ho honest parents had reared him, has "made his pile" out of the innocent and foolish crowd who this morning.

All the rest of the wounded are comfortable are willing to wager their "five, ten, or twenty, One body is still unidentified; but it is evident that they can tell which thimble the little joker's that it is not Humphrey's, as heretofore stafed. The name of P. Loveland was found written i pencil on the watch-pocket of his pantaloons.

groans under the weight of his clanking sword There are no other marks, by which to recognise the body. No baggage checks were found upon and massive epaulettes. Both of these out rank, in title, many of our army officers, with the daring deeds and splendid gallantry of two wars to A little girl having seen in the papers the death of a gentleman bearing the precise name of Is he a racer, whose skilful strategy has often orne from the superior horse the weighty purses

her uncle, with child-like apprehension wrote to him, to inquire the state of the case, and, in reof a hundred fields? He, too, is a COLONEL, and ply, received the following metrical letter, which, for its good spirit and pleasant wit, we give to our How could you, my Nan, my divine little Houri, suppose that your Uncle had died in Mis-souri—that he left Old Virginia, the land of his It is poor encouragement to our gallant officers of either service, to find themselves robbed of the

birth, to enrich with his ashes a far distant earth? It was said, when a man had expired of yore, that the place which once knew him should know him of distinction for their heroic services in the battle no more; but still you suspect me of being so fields of their country's rights and country's green, as to die in a place that I never have seen. is strange, I confess, that a man of my name, should have died so obscure, and uncared for by fame; but still his survivors may cherish the pride, that their friend left behind him a name when he died. "Tis an ill wind, I've heard, that blows nobody good, and in this case the adage is well understood-for the breath, which my namesake expiring drew, has wafted a letter, dear Nannie, from you—so replete with affection it could not but move the heart of your Uncle to transport and love.

The health of our village is not very fair, for pestilent fevers infect the pure air. The myste-rious typhoid is giving us fits, and serving his cases like sheriffs their writs-I say his ca. sas., for what is quite odd, he, will leave a man's property, of Judge or Justice? God help the patients of of Judge or Justice: God help the patients of taking his bod-y-with a summons impartial he the Quacks, the scholars of the Pedagogue, the knocks at each door-at the hall of the wealthy, clients of such a Lawyer, and the unhappy par-ties whose property hangs upon the judgment of a fair maiden's lips, and she fades from our eyes in the last long eclipse. He strikes at the young, and the fair, and the brave, and triumphantly But there is one other, and, we think, the most peoples his realm of the grave.

In truth, if we cannot get rid of the fever. objectionable application of a civil title. It is the indiscriminate and often laughable application of though I love Albemarle, I'm determined to leave her, for I find it is hard to live up to expenses, and a plaguy sight worse to die out of my senses. Would you hear of my children as well as Aunt Lizzy. Well, the former are levely the papers and letter-writers, than ever have lived latter is busy, and if she but reaps the half that she sews, a bountiful harvest she'll have I supand died in all the world, from the meridian splendor of Athenian greatness to the present splendor of Athenian greatness to the present time. We would by no means dampen the ardor of our young orators, who have done such good service in our late political contests—they are service in our late political contests-they are and the boy is cross-eyed—and that Annie, the baby, is crowing away, as if she were a rooster worthy of all praise; but we really, for their own good, protest against their being called statesmen | and thought it was day. But I hope you'll for give me-you know I but jest, for the sweet little things are enshrined in my breast. vase, which like roses they fill, but though broken

can boast, in half a century, a score of first-class be, they are exquisite still, statesmen. The standard of statesmanship may My wife and two children have just gone church, and left your poor uncle alone in the lurch-so I've seated myself, (and what more Richelieu, a Mazarin. In England-a Chatham, could I do,) to write, my dear Nannie, a letter to you. Nor judge me too harshly that thus I a Pitt, a Canning; while Austria scarcely points to another, than Metternich; and Russia, than should stay, from the forms of the rigidly righteous, away-for believe me, my girl, that the heart which leve warms, is religious enough, despite of their forms. In a world where temptation and half century-a Madison, a Calhoun, a Webster, envy will try us, the heart that loves most is always most pious. And here as I sit all alone with my pen, away from the hollow professions of men, I turn me to those who have known me in youth, But still, even in this country, they are not as whose hearts are all love and whose lips are all truth, and my thoughts fly to home like the car--for that home is my heaven, and ove my religion. nary character; they may not always be gathered

But now I must close by once again giving, the pleasing assurance that I am still living—as far as I know—and be sure when I die, that no one will hear of it sooner than I. And so I conclude this epistle so quaint, by

sending to all, the love of their

# CHARLOTTESVILLE, Aug. 5, 1855.

LIFE'S BETTER MOMENTS. Life has its moments beauty and bloom; But they hang like sweet roses On the edge of the tomb Blessings they bring us,

As lovely as brief; They meet us when happy, And leave us in grief Hoes of the morning, Come on the sunbeams. And off with them fly Shadows of evening Hang soft on the shore

Darkness enwraps them,

We see them no more So life's better moments In brilliance appear, Dawning in beauty, Our journey to cheer. Round us they linger. Like shadows of even Would that we like the

Might melt into heaven

### are not innocuous, they discourage those who CELEBRATION OF THE JAMESTOWN try. The Indian was driven back; and where SOCIETY OF WASBINGTON CITY.

have, by their own genius and energy, climbed the steep, where "Fame's proud Temple shines Address of George W. P. Oustis, esq., of Arlingafar;" and fail to encourage those who may be ton, delivered before the Jamestown Society on the satisfied with the too often ephemeral and 12th of May, 1855, in the portice of Mount apochryphal reputations which are awarded to

About one o'clock, the veteran orator mounted a rostrum in the great portice of the mausion. He is in his seventy-fifth year, and appeared in his usual style on public occasions, with ruffles soo indiscriminately applied-but they are less at the wrists; his hat in his hand, and with a bow harmless in their character. The prefixing of to the audience, that savored of the fashion of 'Honorable' to every man's name who may have the last century. He said:

gotten by chance or cheating into Congress, is Gentlemen of the Jamestonen Society, Friends and Countrumen:

> In choosing a spot for the anniversary celebraion of the Landing of the Cavalier, and First Settlement of Virginia at Jamestown, where ould you have made so happy a location, or one so favored as venerable "time-honored" Mount Vernon; for where so fitting to celebrate the most ancient and renowned event in Virginia's annals, as upon Virginia's soil, and near unto the sepulchre that contains the ashes of Virginia's Immortal Son.

Gentlemen: You could readily have found

younger and better orator to have addressed you this interesting occasion, for know ye that the old usurer Time will have his dues, and warns the old man before you, that after fifty years of service on the rostrum, it is time to re tire; but, gentlemen, were this my last, my expiring address to my countrymen, I would forget lement of my country was the theme, and speak to me. dearing memories crowd upon my heart, while even now, after the lapse of more than seventy years, methinks I behold the venerated form of

the dearly beloved, and to happy, happy days at

The orator continued: The elements are favoable to our meeting; all nature is clad in the gay and joyous livery of spring. A brilliant sun ries are propitious to our celebration, and Roman would say, "The eagle flies on the dex-ter hand." Looking through the long vists of ter hand." Looking through the long vista of ages, we behold the James River at this same genial season of the year, the 13th of May, 1607. The noble forests that clothe its banks dip their while the Indian, revelling in the bounties of Providence, dreamed his life away, "monarch of "But, ah! the cruel spoiler came!" all around.' The placid surface of the majestic river be

fore only disturbed by the ripple of the Indian canoe, was now destined to bear on its bosom the barques of the adventurous Smith and his chivalric companions. Onward, yet onward, steered the gallant strangers, their armor glittering in the sun, their pennons floating on the

upon the martial pageant as it landed on the shores of Virginia. The great canoes with their white wings spread to the breeze, the bearded cavalier cased in steel, the martial "pomp and cumstance" attending the movements of the strangers, all, all, convinced the Indian that they beings of a superior world, sent by the Great Spirit for special purposes, known only to his wisdom. And so they were, for with the the mailed step of Smith and the cavaliers, appeared the first dawn of civilization and religion n the new world of Virginia. [Cheers.] Meantime Smith having landed, and harangue

his followers, he planted his banner deep in the seil of Virginia, the knightly trophy bearing the cognizance of his heroic achievements on the lie high and holy principle of the age of Croplains of Transylvania. Emblazoned on a field, well, that "Resistance to oppression is obedien were three Turks' heads, motto: Vincere est vivere, decordamus. then waving his sword. I possess this fair land for and in behalf of the most puissant Prince James the First, of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, King, Defender of the Faith. God save the King." The cavaliers eplied with shouts to the proclamation of their chief, striking their swords against their bucklers. the martial clang producing terror to the savages gathered around The effects of the colonists were landed from

the barks, and the first settlement of Virginia was made at Jamestown the 13th May, 1607. The British Prince Caractacus, when before the tribunal of Claudius Cæsar at Rome, said to the master of world, "how comes it that with all this magnificence about you, you seek to con-

wild and savage de So Powhatan, the imperial master of another world, may have said to Captain Smith, "How comes it that ye leave the luxuries, delights, and splendor of Europe, and cross a stormy main, to wrest from the Indian his savage empire?" The colony progressed but slowly for a time,

the colonists experiencing all the vicissitudes and trials, from hardships, famine, and war, incident to the first settlement of all new countries. Smith, the daring leader at the head of his small but warlike band of cavaliers, extended his coquests in various directions, offering to the abo igines, as their only alternative, submiss ie sword.

Meantime "the poor Indian, whose untutore nind, sees God in clouds, and hears him in the vind," believing that the Great Spirit, a be-evolent Diety, had given the land of Virginia to the Indian as an inheritance, took up arms to op-pose the invader, and fought for his home, his household gods, and the bones of his fathers. But feeble was the arrow when opposed to the cuirass of the steel clad cavalier, the sword and buckler Many fierce conflicts ensued, in one of which Smith was forced into a marshy stream, where overpowered by the savage foe, and borne off in triumph, bound and a prisoner to Weoricomico, the royal residence of Powhatan. Of course the renowned cavalier was condemned to die, and here, gentlemen, let me introduce the story of Pocahontas, the most touching and romantic episode in the history of Virginia that has adorned her history for more than two centuries, and will descend to the admiration of centuries yet to come. The tale of the Indian maid shows that nercy, divine mercy, and heroic devotion, are as well the attributes of dear woman in savage

is in civilized life. [Cheers.]
The Princess Pocahontas, the young and favo rite daughter of Powhatan, threw herself at the feet of the King, and, with streaming eyes, im-plored him to spare the life of the noble cavalier. The savage monarch replied, "If I spare so re nowned a warrior, I risk the loss of my kingdom He must die." Smith was now brought in bound, and his head laid upon a stone, while two executioners, with heavy clubs, awaited the signal of the King to strike. Pocahontas, finding the monarch inexorable, rose with dignity from his feet and, throwing herself upon the prostrate body o the cavalier, cried to the executioners: "Strike, and while you immolate the noble victim, you destroy the life of the daughter of your king." The executioners dropped their clubs; Powhatan, descending from his rade throne, embraced his daughter, and ordered the prisoner to be

Thus ended a scene, which, for touching and romantic interest, challenges a parallel in the history of all time; and gentlemen, friends, and countrymen, rapturously exclaimed the old orator, does not the magnificent tale of the In-dian maiden, the child of nature, show to you, to the world, that woman, ever blessed woman, in all ages, and under all circumstances, "is the same endearing creature, from sultry India to the Pole." [Loud, prolonged cheering.]

Pocahontas became converted to Christianity and married Master Rolfe, a cavalier, and went to England, whither, her fame having preceded er, she was received with all the hon met with an untimely death when about to em-bark for her native land. From her union with Master Rolfe have descended two of the most ancient and respected families of Virginia, (Ran-dolph and Bolling,) whose numerous members

boast of their lineage to the present day.

The colony of Virginia continued to increase, receiving large accessions from the mother counsoil

e stood the rude wigwam of the savage, now arose the stately mansion of the country gentle-man, the descendant of the cavalier—a race possessing a high sense of honor, manners the most refined, and a cordial and generous hospitality:

and I pray God that the race of the cavalier may

be perpetuated to remote generations, to prosper and adorn the destinies of Virginia. [Cheers.] The colony becoming of importance to the other country, royal governors were sent out, a House of Burgesses established, courts of law, with other appurtenances of Provincial Government, and, above all, the ministers of the Church of England debarked upon the shores of the New World to introduce among the idolatrous abori-gines the worship of the true God; and soon from amid the depths of the forests were heard to arise hymns of praise to the Father of the Universe, where before had resounded the orgies of the savage in his worship of a Manitou, or Great

The French war, so called, extended to the colonies, and Virginia was called upon to aid in the expedition of Braddock to Fort Du Quesne. In the battle of the Monongahela, the British regulars, atterly routed, fled in dismay; the Virginia woodsmen fought the enemy inch by inch; and by their consummate skill in arms, and dar-ing courage, saved many from the wreck of the European army. Hear what Washington said of Virginia's military, just one hundred years ago: "They behaved like men, and died like soldiers." Of three full companies of Virginia's Hunting Shirts, that fought in the battle of the Mononga-

hela, not thirty men survived the action! It was on this, the first great field of his fame. my age, and calling up the energies of my better that Washington may be said to have entered days, would dare the effort, when the first setbeing nearly all killed or wounded, it was left to Mount Vernon the rostrum. [Cheers.] Strange, the young Virginian to rally up the desperate continued the orator, that I should speak to fortunes of the fight. In vain the marksmanship others on a spot, where so many recollections of the savage essayed to reach his life; ever an anon was seen amid the glimpses of the smoke anon was seen amid the glimpses of the smoke my infancy. Around its hallowed hearths in my childhood I played; a thousand fond and enthe manly form of the young hero, as he towered cry to the Provincials rang through the primeval forests, "Stand fast my boys, and draw your sights for the honor of Old Virgina." [Cheers. Washington seated in this very portico, and exeming to ending his paternal arms to the child of his adopion, who climbs his knee the "envied caress evidently protected by a Superior Power, cried to his tawny warriors, "Fire at him no more, see Pardon, gentlemen, an old man's tear; it flows ye not the Great Spirit protects that daring war rior?" The same savage prophet afterward de rior?" The same savage prophet afterward de-clared of Washington, "He cannot die in battle; he will become the chief of nations, and a peo ple yet unborn will hail him as the founder of

mighty empire.'

The Indian prophecy, continued the orator, utshining through a balmy atmosphere, sheds lustre upon this pleasing, happy scene. The augudence, been fulfilled to the letter. protected hero of the Monongahela achieved his destiny, and ran his glorious race without a cloud to dim the lustre of his fame; and after a long and meritorious life spent in the service of h country and mankind, here, in this venerable branches in the stream, the birds of various mansion, stricken in years and laden with honors plumage sing amid the trees, the wild deer flits he sank to rest, leaving to the good, the wise through the leafy coverts—all nature is gay, re-coicing in the glories of spring. Scattered along yet to come; and to the world a name, the purest the banks of the noble river are the wigwains, the rude habitations of the aborigines of Virginia.

The rude habitations of the aborigines of Virginia.

After the French war, ending in 1759, the There dwelt a simple race, the teeming earth producing enough for their moderate wants, the colony of Virginia enjoyed long years of tranquility, and greatly increased in her population abounding in fish, the forests in game, and resources. But hark, there are sounds of trouble borne on the breezes from the North. Clouds are gathering there that portend a con ing tempest. Measures on the part of the mother in regard to revenue, taxation, and finance, deemed oppressive, have aroused the northern colonies, and remonstrance is about to be succeeded by re-istance. Virginia, from the colonies. Generous and noble-minded was this declaration, for the South was but remotely effected by those measures of the mother country to the war of the Revolution. The South had neither ships nor commerce; her mod-erate degree of trade was almost exclusively carried on by Scotch factors, who imported the ar ticles necessary for Virginia, and exporting in return Virginia's only staple in that olden day-

But when the tempest that had been gathering in the North burst with fury upon Lexington and Concord, illustrious Henry proclaimed in thunder tones in the House of Burgesses of Vir-Virginia responded to the patriot throughout the length and breadth of the Old Dominion, and the South took up arms and gallantly fought for the high and hely principle of the age of Crom-

Yes, my countrymen, continued the veterar orator, the South, the sunny South-our own, our native land, if weighed in the balance, would not have been found wanting in courage, patriotism, or devotion to liberty, in "the times that tried men's souls." [Cheers.] Bravely we fought for freesoil, free government, and equal law it, forsooth, we are told at this late time of day, that the South is not a freesoil because it bears on its surface the footprint of the slave. Gentlemen of the freesoil idea, permit an old South-ron to say unto you, that if yours is a free soil, the blood of the Southron shed upon it in days long past, so improved your soil as to make i If the South is not free soil, because the bondman is there, then were not the ancient and enowned republics of Rome, Athens, and Spar ta, free soil, for the bondmen were in the mids f them all, during the purest and palmiest days of their existence as governments and nations

But let us look nearer home. Go to the fields of your revolutionary fame, where, in America's ld battle day, northerner and southerner fought oulder for the free soil of a whole shoulder to sh nation. Dig up the bones of the brave, and see ow many of the Southron's you will find there. Virginia, proud of her heroic memories, points

to the mouldering ramparts of Yorktown, and exclaims—There, in the bosom of the ancient Doion, was the crowning glory of the war of independence—think ye not the soil is free, where such an event hath happened?

The idea that Virginia is not free soil, throws a nettle on the graves of Virginia's great and renowned Henry, Jefferson, Nelson, Marshall, Madison, the Lees, civil and military apostles liberty, and benefactors of mankind; but the vorthless nettle fades and dies when thrown upon the graves where laurels bloom in perpetual verre. [Cheers.] Would you, gentlemen Freeoilers of the North, have an idea of the patriot sm of the gentlemen Freesoilers of the South in the heroic age, listen to the words of the good Lafayette, as applied to General Thomas Nelson, governor and commander-in-chief of Virginia, and the Virginia forces at the siege of Yorktown. Lafayette said: "I had finished a battery mounting several heavy pieces, and thought I would consult the Governor as to the direction of my fire, well knowing that Yorktown was the residence of Nelson, and that he must have the most perfect knowledge of its localities. He replied my inquiry with calm and Roman firmness by pointing with his hand to his own demicil and saying: 'There, Marquis, to that house; it i mine, and being the best now in the town, no doubt contains the British headquarters. Fire upon it, my dear Marquis-level it with the ground. Rather would I behold it a pile of ruins, than that it should for a single mo nent afford shelter to the enemies of my country. illustrious patriot, one of Virginia's noblest sons, signed the Declaration of American Independence, fought the battles of his country's liberty, lavished a large fortune in his country's cause, and died in poverty.

Such, continued the orator, were the southern Freesoilers in 1781; and "lives there a man with soul so dead" who will dare to say that the ashes of such patriots, statesmen, and heroes, sleep in a soil that is not free.

If, remarked the orator, those gentlemen of the free soil idea continue in their course of folly and mischief, until it approaches a dismemberment of this glorious and happy Union-Virginia, the Patriarch of the South, speaking from this ros-trum erected in the homestead, and under the sacred auspices of Mount Vernon, declares to America and the world, that the South, the whole South, is, "and of right ought to be," free soil; that she won her soil's freedom by her chivalry, and that free soil it shall descend as an nheritance to her latest posterity; [Cheers. that the South, as a portion of the publican Empire, will maintain the Constitution and laws, made for the interests and welfare of the whole Union; and will preserve and defend her southern institutions, her rights and privileges, against all aggressors. [Cheers.]
But if this folly and madness on the part of our

northern brethren, proceeds, as it most probably does, from want of knowledge, then will the South, in true Christian charity, pitying their ignorance, extend to the gentlemen of the free soil idea, the words of the Divine Master:

Mr. Earnest positively refused to be a candid—still the Democrats resolved to be a candid—still the Democrats resolved to be a candid—still the Democrat resolved to be a candid—still the Democrats resolved to vote for he was elected. Mr. Bekem took the field of the candidate of the was elected. Mr. Bekem took the field of the candidate of the was elected. Mr. Bekem took the field of the candidate of the was elected. Mr. Bekem took the field of the was elected. Mr. Bekem took the field of the candidate of the was elected. Mr. Bekem took the field of the wa

"Father, forgive them; they know not what they

do." [Loud cheers.]

The orator begged leave to conclude his address with the filial love and homage of his heart for the venerated memories of Mount Vernon, by reciting an ode which he composed for the centennial anniversary of the birth of Washington, 22d of February, 1832, and which he had recited on many and interesting occasions for nearly a quarter of a century:

ODE. Composed for the Centennial Anniversary of Washington's Birth, the 22d of February, 1832, by George W. P. Custis, Esq., of Arlington. FIRST IN WAR: FIRST IN PEACE: FIRST IN

First in War .- He drew his patriot brand-Not worlds to conquer, but a world to save. When peace and freedom blest his native land, Resigned his power into the hands that gave.

Blustrious man! could not ambition, then, Tempt thee to turn against thy country's breas Thy victor sword, and be like other men And hailed a Hero, like the laureled rest?

Ah! no-Thy laurels were by virtues won Pure and untarnished by a single shame; Freedom and glory claim their Washington Millions unborn will venerate that name. Thou empire founder, patriot, soldier, sage, Centuries will pass, generations rise and die, Thy fame will flourish on, from age to age,

First in Peace.-In our country's infant day, When Constitution's Banner arst unfurled Her civic chiefs, how wise thy civic sway,

First in a People's Hearts-Ah! there enshrine Thy fame and memory will never die; But will instruct, adorn, and bless mankind, Till time shall merge into eternity.

Called to thy great reward-thy race is run : Yet there's a pure, a bright, benignant ray, Gleams from the glories of thy setting sun To light the future patriot on his way

What tho' no bronze nor marble trophies grace. Nor the proud column lifts its towering head, Nor nation's tribute marks this honored place, Where rests the ashes of the mighty dead

Yet when the fature pilgrim journey's on Thro' this vast realm, he'll view with eye inten The matchless glories of a Washington; An empires, self, its founder's monut

Mr. FENDALL, after making his respectful knowledgments for the compliment paid to him, addressed the company for about half an hour. He noticed the origin and objects of the Jamestown Society; which was established by Virginians, temporarily residing in the National Metropolis, in order to commemorate the settlement of Jamestown, on the 13th of May, 1607, and to keep in remembrance the virtues and sufferings

of their forefathers. This event has been comparatively neglected while the junior settlement at Plymouth is not only regularly celebrated there and at Boston by the "Sons of the Pilgrims," but by associations of them throughout the continent; and the yet later settlement at St. Mary's, has been the subject of several most impressive celebrations by pa-triotic citizens of Maryland. There was now good reason to hope that a central society would soon be established at Richmend, with associations, auxiliary and subordinate to it, throughou the State, and among Virginians residing else where, for the annual commemoration of the first of all the permanent English settlements in North then remained, except tombstones, and the ruins of a church steeple about twenty-five feet high, mantled to its very summit with ivy." Time may continue the work of desolation till every physical trace of Jamestown shall have been de-stroyed, but the settlement of 1607 will survive on the imperishable record of history, for it was the germ of the great American Republic. At the shrine of the founder of that Republic, our present anniversary has been celebrated-at Mount Vernon, the home of Washington. Mr. F. here dwelt on the local associations of Mount Vernon with the fame of the Father of his Coun-

try, and with the subject of the celebration. Mount Vernon during the lifetime of Gen. Wash-

He referred to the inspiring effect which the ircumstances of the present anniversary were calculated to produce on the minds of all true Virginians; and to the political importance, in a Republic, of doing honor to great events in her history, and thus fostering patriotic and generous sentiments among her people. Our brethren of New England and Maryland had got the start of us in the pious work of commemorating their ancestral settlements. Why is this so? The commonwealths springing from these settlements are but separated parts of what was once Virginia, as onstituted by the original charter. And when they were disjoined from her by subsequent char-ters, it was not the worst part with which the name of Virginia remained. Mr. F. here menioned some prominent points in the history Virginia. The great principle of the American Revolution, that taxation and representation ought to go together, had been previously asset ed years before the principle was established in England, by the success of the rebellion or revolution of 1641; and when the mother country attempted to violate that principle against the es, none was more strenuous in resistance

than Virginia.

Mr. F. here referred to her sacrifices in the cause of public liberty in the revolutionary war and since. In remarking on the title "Mother of States," which was sometimes given to her, he adverted to her magnanimous cess ion in 1783, to the United States, of all her rights in the territory northwest of the river Ohio—a grant includ-ing more than 200,000,000 acres, and by which, as her delegates truly said, "Virginia laid empires at the feet of Congress." In the same liberal spirit, for the convenience of a portion of her citizens, she consented to a further diminution of her territory, and to its becoming an independent State— the now great and flourishing State of Kentucky. A national character so unselfish—a character distinguished as well by the Puritan's stern zeal for liberty, as well by the generous graces of the Cavalier, may well be a subject of pride to Virginians. It is this sentiment and no idle vanity which warms their hearts and elevates their minds, when history points them to the sons of their parent State, whose genius and virtues have exerted a controlling influence on the destinies of the whole American people. Mr. F. illustrated this topic by examples; and concluded by nrg-

ing the importance of a vigorous prosecution of the objects of the Society.

The foregoing is a brief outline of portions of his remarks. We have been unable to obtain a full report of them.

From the Charlottsville Jeffersonian

From the Charlottsville Jellersonian.

Aid for Norfolk.

On Thursday last, Hon. William C. Rives, sent to us \$20, and on the next day, his son, W. C. Rives, jr., also sent us \$20, for the relief of their afflicted fellow-citizens of Norfolk and Portsmouth; these generous contributions we handed over to he relief committee of the town.

On Saturday evening, a public meeting of our citizens was held in the Court-House, and after

organization, committees were appointed to soli-cit contributions and a resolution passed asking the churches in Charlottesville to take up a collection from their respective congregations on the next day.

The sum of \$400 has probably been raised from our citizens, and \$361,54 forwarded to the president of the Howard Association in Norfolk to be

equally divided between that city and Portsmouth I wo gentiemen of the committee not having reported what they had collected, the amount with whatever may be contributed by others will be Sam in the Southwest.—We learn from the Abingdon Democrat that John H. Earnest Esq., although not a candidate, has been elected Commonwealth's Attorney for Washington county, by

n majority of 21, beating Mr. C. S. Bekem, the regularly nominated Know-nothing candidate! Mr. Earnest positively refused to be a candidate -still the Democrats resolved to vote for him, and he was elected. Mr. Bekem took the field The Champagne Country.

About eighty miles east of Paris is the department of the Marne. In a small portion of this department, enclosed between the town of Rheims on the north, Chalons sur-Marne on the east, Vertas on the south, and Epernay on the west, the champagne grapes grow. The river Marne separates this portion of the department into two equal parts, that on the north side being the larger. champagne growers divide these parts into districts. The first district, which is about eight miles long, and one and a half in width, is on the north side of the river, on an elevation on the north side of the river, on an elevation called the Montagne de Rheims, and comprises the parishes of Clugny, Rilly, Verzy, Verzenay, and Mally Trepail, Ambournay, and Boury. The second district, about nine miles long and one and a half wide, is on the south side of the Montagne de Rheims, and consists of the parishes of Ay, Cunniers, Hauvillers, Dizy, Marcuil, and Avergery The third district short tensiles.

nay. The third district, about ten miles in length and two miles in width, is on the south side of the Marne, and includes the parishes of Epernay—where Messrs. Moet and Chaudon's establishment is situate—Chouilly, Cramont, Avize Ogers, Le Mestil, and Vistus. The fourth district, about five square miles, contains the parishes of Pierry, (the birth place of the dear departed,) Moussy,

(the birth place of the dear departed,) Moussy, and St. Martin.

The wines of these various places differ greatly in taste and character, and are the produce both of the white and black grape, principally of the latter: but those wines which have the larger admixture of the white grape are supposed to possess greater delicacy; or, as it is called by the growers, "finesse." The vintage commences about the end of September, and, if completed by the end of October, the year is considered to be a good one, as the white grapes are then obtained good one, as the white grapes are then obtained in greater abundance. And a busy and merry time is that same vintage. No idlers then! Every individual man, woman, and child, is call-Every individual man, woman, and child, is called into requisition to gather the grapes, and every donkey and mule to carry them. Troops are seen in all directions ascending and descending the steep and narrow paths leading to the vineyards. In some places the grapes, after being gathered in the cool of the morning, are carried in baskets, and, whichever the mode of transit, and the cool in the cool of transit, and the cool of the morning are carried in the cool of the morning. are then placed in the wine-presses, the juice running into casks where it is allowed to ferment The grapes are not put into a mash-tub, but un dergo three or four separate squeezings. In about a fortnight the casks are filled up, bunged tightly, and allowed to remain until the middle of Janu-ary, when the wine is racked off and clarified. In May the process of bottling commences, each

bottle receiving a lump of sugar-candy (we sup-pose to keep it in good humor,) and the cork is fastened with string. The bottles are then put to bed in a rack, with their necks downwards, at an angle of forty-five degrees, and from time to time shaken and placed more perpendicularly, so that the sediment may get into their throttles. This result is not arrived at under some fifty shakings, which require to be done with so much skill and care that champagne nurses are subjected to a twelvementh's practice before they are entrusted to perform this delicate operation. The nurse grasps the bottom of the bottle with his right hand, and by a sort of half twist of the wrist the sediment is made to descend into the neck When the sediment is all deposited, the wine, as you may suppose, is ready for disgorging, which is performed by the nurse holding the bottle in a slightly inclined position, cutting the string and nstantaneously elevating the bottle, when the cork is blown out, and with it all the sediment. The

great art is to perform the operation with wasting the wine.

The disgorged bottle is then handed to the corker, who is provided with a steam apparatus which keeps the corks hot and moist. By means of a mallet and a machine called a "chantier," the bottle is recorked. A clever strong man will

manage 3,000 bottles a day.

Le ficelleur, a dexterous fellow, then fastens on the string and passes the bottle to the next workman, le ficelle enfer, who wires it up securely. The bottle may now be said to have got over its troubles, and a fair damsel tenderly end sary was celebrated as a jubilee on the site of its head in tin foil; after which a respectable Jamestown; "and no vestiges of this ancient town matron wraps it carefully up in a paper, and puts they remained except the transition of the statement of the statem t again to bed with sometimes three or four millions of brother bottles, there to remain until

> The Grasshopper in Utah. The Salt Lake City News of June 13, has further accounts of the ravages by Grasshoppers in that Territory. It says:

exported to complete its mirthful mission .- New

The farmers in the South part of this county ne local associations of Mount me of the Father of his Counubject of the celebration.

ed an interesting incident of Custrs, the clonent and very constant of the county and very constant of the county and the count the boyhood of Mr. Cusris, the eloquent and ven-erable orator of this day, which took place at upon their farms, leaving the proprietors to upon their farms, leaving the proprietors to speculate upon the fable of the fox and the swal-low, while the more hungry swarm devoured the last remaining patches which had been left by the previous swarms, and the tender blade of the third sowing. Any people but the Latter Day Saints would be discouraged. The fourth sowing has commenced; seed very scarce. Some of the farmers are drilling the wheat, as seed has failed when sowed broadcast as usual.

The same paper of the 27th says: On Saturday and Sunday the grasshoppers filled the sky for three miles deep, or as far as they could be seen without the aid of telescopes, and somewhat resembling a snow storm, which latter would have been very acceptable to the parched grass and cattle. Drought very severe—the creeks low and weather hot, the common house flies are very thick, and are as troublesome as

they usually are in September.

Amid all this wide destruction of crops and herdrange one seldom saw a downcast or gloomy countenance, nearly all appearing as cheerful as though surrounded by the most favorable prospects, thus plainly demonstrating the strong confidence in the wise and just dispensations of Providence, which pervades the masses of our population, and that too, under circumstances which would nale the cheek and executed the strong confidence. would pale the cheek and scatter the population of any other community but Latter Day Saints.

SCOTT'S WEEKLY PAPER.—The publisher of this large and popular family journa-offers for the coming year (1854) a combination of literary attractions heretofore unattemped by any of the Philadelphia weeklies. Among the new features will be a new and brilliant series of origi leatures will be a new and brilliant series of origi-nal romances by George Lippard, entitled Legends of the Last Century. All who have read Mr. Lip-pard's celebrated "Legends of the American Revo-lution," published for fifty-six consecutive weeks in the "Saturday Courier," will find these pictures of French and American history endowed with all the power and brilliancy of his previous produc-tions. The first of a series of original novellettes, called Morris Hartley or the Knights of the Music called Morris Hartley or the Knights of the Music tions. The first of a series of original novelieties, called Morris Hartley, or the Knights of the Mystic Valley, by Harrison W. Ainsworth, is about to be commenced. It will be handsomely illustrated by twelve fine engravings, and its startling incidents cannot fail to elicit undivided praise. Emmerson Bennett, the distinguished novelist, and author of Viola, etc., etc., is also engaged to furnish a brilliant novellette to follow the above. Mrs. Mary Andrews Denison, author of Home Pictures, Patience Worthington and her Grandmother, etc. will continue a splendid domestic novellette, en titled the Old Ivy Grove, and H. C. Watson an illustrated story called the Two graphic picture of early life in Old Kentucky. To these will be udded original contributions and se-lections from Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz, Clara Clairville, Lille Lilberne, Mrs. Stowe, Grace Greenwood, and other distinguished writers; the news of the day, graphic editorials, full reports of the provision, money, and stock markets, letters from travelers at home and abroad, etc., etc.

Terms—One copy one year \$2; two copies one year \$3; four copies one year \$5; nine copies one year, and one to the getter up of the club, \$10; twenty copies one year and one to the getter up of the club, \$20.

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To the Ladies of Washington, Georgetown, Alex andria. \$c. children's French shoes are sold by the undersigned, on 15th street, just above Corcoran & Riggs's Banking House, in his new building, with Riggs Banking House, in his new building, with the high marble steps, where he will receive la dies' orders, and keep constantly on hand every variety of ladies', misses, and children's French gaiter walking shoes, white and black sating siters, slippers, &c., made to order by H. Weirman, of Philadelphia of the best French gaiter materials, and in the latest Parisian styles. These gaiters

are entirely different from what are generaly known as "slop-shop shoes;" being all custom work, of superior workmanship, and warranted to give perfect satisfaction.

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omy, will consult their interest by giving me a call, and examine for themselves. C. WEIRMAN,